A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION

Tuesday, July 30. 1706.

I Lately told the World a Story of *Lunacy*, and ſince that the Reverſe to it; and before that told you, that they that puſh this War on with no Deſign for the publick Peace of *Europe*, are Madmen alſo.

Now in my alternative Treating of Lunaticks, it came athwart my Imagination to make ſome neceſſary Inquiſition here, after all the vaſt Variety of *mad Folks* we have in *England*, whoſe Lunacies in their Turn diſturb the World; ſome for Want of Sence, and ſome by having too much; ſome rave in *High-Church Extaſies*, ſome in *no Church* Extravagancies; ſome have State Calentures burning in their Breaſts, ſome rage in *Party-Madneſs*; ſome have *Court Frenzies*, ſome are *Country Bedlamites*; ſome are *melancholy mad* for Want of Places, ſome mad with Rage, and envy at thoſe that *have them*, and ſome are delirious *in them*.

In this Age of Extravagancies, what Pen can deſcribe the Variety? Some are mad we have beat the *French*, ſome are ſo mad they never think they are beaten enough, and ſome in their Frenzy are for pulling them Limb from Limb; ſome are for killing all the *French*, and ſome are ſo cruel mad, they are for eating them alive.

Some are mad for a Deſcent, ſome are mad, that they don't know where they are a going; and ſome are mad they are to go at all.

Some are *mad for the Succeſſion*, and yet all the World will allow, they muſt be mad that are againſt it; ſome are ſo mad, they would have mad Folks come and reign here, and ſome are ſo mad, they would have no body reign at all.

Every

Every Circumſtance of this Age ſeems to have ſomething of Lunacy in it; here are Politicians againſt Government, wiſe Men againſt Moderation, Church-men againſt Peace, Whigs againſt Liberty; here are Proteſtants for a Popiſh Succeſſor, Papiſts for *Engliſh* Eſtabliſhments, Play-houſes build Churches, and Univerſities encourage Play-houſes in order to Reformation of Manners; Not *Babel* it ſelf can ſhow ſuch a Jargon, ſuch a Confuſion in Languages, as appears in the Politicks of this unhappy divided Nation.

For my part, I think Dr. *Tyſon* ought to take us all into his Hands, and ſet up a general MAD HOUSE for the Nation. Bleſs us! What a world of Patients he would have——Let us a little examine the Roll.

And firſt, I think ſome Stateſmen ſhould be ſent to him bound hand and foot, be tyed in their Beds, and have their Heads ſhav'd: who, when her Majeſty told them, the moſt zealous Men for the Church ſhould enjoy her Favour, could be ſo mad to think, *that Zeal* was to be exerted in the Deſtruction of their Brethren, and that Her Majeſty could mean, they ſhould ſet the whole Nation on Fire, by raiſing a Flame between the Church and the *Diſſenters*.

Some of them ſhould be lock'd up for a worſe ſort of Madmen than ordinary, *Viz.* That being in good Places, ſuch as Secret——s, Admirals, Houſhold Officers, *&c.* could not be brought to their Senſes, by the QUEEN's explaining her own Words; but like perfect Lunaticks, puſh at their own Deſtruction, in Hopes, ſince they could not be brought over to the QUEEN's Meaſures, Her Majeſty ſhould be oblig'd to come over to theirs.

Nor ſhould they want a place in a National *Bedlam*, who imagin'd, that the Intereſt of the Church of *England* could ever be found in practiſing what was allow'd to be againſt her Principle, *Viz.* Perſecution.

Some are Moon-mad, and exert the Tokens of their Frenzy at certain Times, Seaſons, and Revolutions; in the lucid Intervals between which, they act reaſonably enough, and were they to come before a Jury, would paſs for Men tollerably well in their Senſes; ſuch are Tackers, Speech-makers, Occaſional Bill Folks, and Men that ſitting in a great place, call themſelves by the worſhipful Name of Re——ives and the like.

Unhappy England! That any People ſhould ſit in ſuch a Place for thee, and to whom thy Welfare is committed—In whoſe Power are thy Liberties, thy Laws, thy Peace, and thy Purſe, and yet whoſe Heads by any unhappy State *Diliriums* may at certain Seaſons be touch'd with ſuch fatal Frenzies, as ſpread their Effects among the People, and unhappily ſet the whole Nation a madding, like a Herd of Swine *Devil-driven*, that will run down the firſt Precipice they come at.

From what was it this Nation eſcap'd in the laſt Parliament, when People reſtor'd to their Senſes came upon the Stage, and were with univerſal Joy reſtor'd to the great National Council of *England*?

And yet how narrowly did we eſcape too, while we found the Tide of Parliamentary Frenzy flow up to 210 Parts of 513, in the Altitude of the Nation's Deſtruction?

What Conjunction of Circumſtances muſt be in this Nation; that whenever a high Fever affects the State, like Bodies that have their peculiar Diſeaſes, ours runs up to Madneſs and Frenzy, meer National Lunacy, and Diſorder?

Nor is the Madneſs, I mention, circumſcrib'd to the Part of the Nation, who act in the Legiſlative Authority; but Madneſs poſſeſſes ſeveral other Branches of the People, and in our turn we are all pleas'd to be mad; too as if the univerſal Lunacy had infected the Climate, and the Air was tainted with ſome infectious Particles, ſome little Animalculæ mix'd with, and drawn in with our Breath, which once got into the Body, creep up into the Brain, and by a National Ferment Act in Conjunction to form an univerſal Frenzy.

Where ſhall we ſearch to be free from the Taint; what Part of the Body Politick is uninfected? neither the Bench, or the Bar, the Pulpit, the Preſs, the Court, the City, no not the Exchange is free from this Madneſs.

Stock-

Stock-Jobbing, Mine Adventuring, Banking, *East-India* Companying Madneſs has infected Trade; Birding for Sheriffs, *Anglice*, Pocket-Picking Madneſs infects the City, of which at large by it ſelf; Reforming Madneſs, the Streets; Play-houſe, and Annual Madneſs, *Bartholomew-Fair*. I ſee no End of reciting all the Effects of publick Lunacy; and tho' ſome People may think me mad for attempting it, yet I cannot forbear proſecuting the Subject, and taking them all in their Turn, as they come in my way.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. REVIEW,

YOU have in part ſpoken your Mind about executing Eſcape-Warrants upon People, who ſurrender to their Creditors, and deliver up their Effects; but hope, you will ſay ſomething more to it yet; for ſince your laſt, another poor Tradeſman, who had been to deliver up his all to his Creditors, and been examin'd, as he was returning, was ſnatch'd up by an Eſcape Warrant, or as you well call it a Dead-Warrant, and carried to the County Jayl, where he muſt lie and periſh, his Creditors having already taken all he has in the World upon Oath——— Pray give us your farther Thoughts on this Subject, we humbly hope, that doing good is the End of your Writing; We acknowledge in this matter, you have done more good than any Writer of this Age can pretend to, and thouſands of diſtreſs'd Families pray for you and bleſs you. Pray go on; Deus Tecum is the hearty Wiſh of the poor ruin'd Objects of publick Compaſſion, who are to be help'd by you; and among them none more hearty than your Friend,

and humble Servant,

A. T.

This is a ſtrange Inſtance of meer abſtracted Malice, and I really ſtand amaz'd to find ſuch wild things appear in the World——But what ſhall we ſay, this is an Age of Extremes, a Conjunction of Wonders, and well may we treat of general Madneſs.

Were ever Creditors ſo mad, that nothing but the very Blood and Souls of their Debtors can appeaſe them——Was ever Cruelty in its moſt intenſe Degree exemplified in the World, as it is now? was ever the very Spirit of the Devil himſelf regnant in this Chriſtian Climate before? if Humanity was ever ceas'd from Nature, if ever Men ſtrove to extract all that was good and compaſſionate out of their Tempers, it is now——To ſeize upon a Man, juſt when upon Oath he has ſtrip't himſelf naked; to put him in Jayl, when they have firſt taken from him the uttermoſt Farthing, to condemn him for not doing what they know he cannot be capable of doing, is not a Cruelty only, but one of the moſt abſurd and irrational Pieces of palpable Malice in the World.

Theſe are the Men that take out Eſcape Warrants, and execute them on Men, who have firſt ſurrendred their whole Eſtates upon Oath, and who, they therefore know, can have nothing to pay.

If they can pay, they have perjur'd themſelves, and by the Act are to be puniſh'd with Death; if they can't pay, and the Creditor knows it, what can his Proſecution be call'd, but meer abſtracted double-refin'd Malice, of the very Nature of the Devil, prompted by the Infernal Spirit, and ſet on Fire of Hell.

But what's my Remedy, ſays the poor afflicted Complainer, what ſhall I do——I anſwer, Patience and Peace; fear it not; theſe Madmen open the Priſon Doors to you, they are cutting the Throats of their own Malice, and puſhing on the Fate of their Liberty to oppreſs; *Never fear it*, this will quicken the Juſtice of the Nation to ranſom you from Devils and Murtherers, for they are no better, for he that executes

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a Law in meer Malice to the Person of the Man, tho' the poor Man perishes under the Justice of the Nation, in the Sight of Heaven, *the Pursuer is a Murtherer*, and no better—— And will be treated like a Murtherer hereafter, however the Letter of the Law may protect him here.

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